

for Lindsay 2011

...and the mind winters in Chautauqua under a sky swollen with heavy pets and your coat slung across the recliner this first snow corpses inside grass and i would make impossible those words to gloss the tongue over with there are poem still in the son-room she too thinks it's all sugared to have passed all light through this way between us in seeming can hear the winds unstrung over roof can watch the willow think through season a thud drums wet earth wholly solid this is a temporary title i'm a reminder of one who thawed abandonment crumbs in old hill park while i shovel man on tractor scraping his hill while i shovel i'm an actor i'm doing greek uninsulated you insult me with culture uh you implacable you importantly at this time distant without secrets a thimbleful of tinder and simples crush fresh juice coolly cracked and now we have this air torn with powder the thorns are some umbrage traced against your lips guests set great store on roses we turn our attention to inside our house our hot animal hats are heavenly pets look here i wonder about you i know i'm scarred for life when while falling asleep in my sister's clean house overwarm i unreel these coats of image of arms your land in your hands has shown me ridges crusted with pine and ash i wish i could explain these burns to you they come from hot white tribes and bullshit trilling howl wool ohms the phonograph killed my barista i feel swollen dim winking skills wrinkling tripped over my own cuffs time and time when i saw my own kid dracula

sepia over my sister in her house why sleep now with no word for me no image gentle no crushed bone simples just some watching me shovel our driveway our house leads out from out howling wool out omnivorous but still anonymous but still i'm vaporous these various pipers sand their faces down on shovelsful what's peppered wind got to do got to do with it i saw my own kid dracula and happy stalkers wall us in woods improper why go sleep now when you have almost named me something at the end of your sleep now when you've almost words for me now when we're also waking strung gruff with energy pills and i use coffee cans we've finished as small garbage for office white cat too sleeping i think it'll thaw in a few days to prepare us for how we've thought out heaven something like waking to winter-bright sunday with of course last night's meager dinner still on the stove having some coffee some pills warmed over in the sunroom look at our white land i smoke a joint before your wake after some reading over our white land to be a serious old man is a mistake pine cone feather and stone on a string white cat wants patience at the door you who wake with dog in tow to snap our bathroom radio on to tune in the tundra static of what's left over when liquid bursts over my shoulder yellow kitchen lit by pale color fully wood-toned to know everything about burls in flesh shells left westward escapist opera or an oracle cloned in cloaca aspartame over my shoulder old age intones when did you forget how to levitate the pentagon orange it up roughly a lone rogue argument sprawled

hallway down a blue and white page a documentary but dusty and surely Nielsen stunk up the house with reefer is such a warm smell coming in to taste you on your fists to tune in the tundra static more than afloat among aggregate embers as membership in leaking documents spillage rustic or spillage engaged me too as in falling off a hot shower into the physical disabilities the villain painful with rain fall with thin iced gleam eggs that towel on water copied tiles these were more or less glued on and your shoes have exchanged for awful boots your mudroom grumpy with the cold and dead of spiders your mothers empty and selling their breath to fly how much longer you be arguing with web cows auger gauged fantastic gag references listless listless listless because you don't sleep and i can't hear you sleep not through rooms and not as normally more than afloat among a sung trolling snug and unfolded furling crystal chills over hunting ridges let's talk about our wars and blown-out people left in ruined dunes vowing aggression on the other i refuse to acknowledge a third-party world is what's really saying hunkered in erie an uncle to soldiers weeping yucky emotive as if some kind of sulk as some kinder milk let's talk about swans while you look for your aux nipple and teach me how to drink my penmanship it's the first of the month and rent is due tearing apart the insides of infant augmentation the stuffing in the couch reddens with desperation while the rest of you disappears around the corner out in the streets a hot misanthropic telegram in an envelope poor but still gruffly loving a sung trolling snug and unfolded over umpteen moons a canteen hibiscus smokes the sallow light of unmade kitchen tables on which machines weep gentlemen

and just this is satiation just this is pure comfortable rupture hustling trailed amplifier gorgeous the gorgon ordinal originally paths as they cancel lake effect snow they cancel lake effect snow i'm not going to go on that trip anyway up to new york city because he's more use to us at home with machines purring up a kitchen table hump-backed cascades like the thrillful escape through badlands badass looks for the whole world like one street musician you used to know from brussels i hate when my glasses smudge i hate made beds oh sure your bathroom smells sweet and your toilet seat's padded and all over the place smells flowers but i'd be very surprised if you had it another way snow accumulations three to five inches do i need a style manual for that this badlands badass laced with pure true sentiment is graceful sugar on the nicked of a tongue's bubble absolved eventual paucity of level landslide anyway up to new york city in a cold sun room with ice on my mind the code docks in your skin engaged with design to wander through crafts unwashed bucks wove from moss because smiling at babies gives me headache i've become not quite friends with velocity and would make of you snow sculpt urinate off the side roads pour across some chautauqua table indexes blessed with these kelvin appendices impertinent irregardless orgasms shake this chill fluff from boots knocked out in nouns fronts oh fruit we can eat and grain suck but prophetic origami clause stales this record of names for snow ioint in cold dead cold as if every state didn't propose mandatory its opposition flint fuck these filters fuck too endless sexual allows you swallow sense crowding you

from your dappled body and bemoan those little erosions illnesses that feather rude and nourish the more drains the more gargoyle stilt i lit up cavity sentience tense until grown using french days up like dope cup but still those ledges i don't want to live in his city up to the grin folded over upon it a fresh grail as caul marrow aged like mother hipster wet and rolled over powder grape ass epidermal eucharist strong store storm morning vapor or some relative or some relative white cat not cold adroit at pause too deliberate ugly lines twice i saw you through stain the lillies bending over oh you'll use nails oh oh oh oh ei yi yi oh flooding do while color troubles us in deep plum ochre you and i are at opposite end of the house but not of your baby book working on projects that color trouble us and so electric brains solar here and so episodes coalesce go fry do while flooding obtains as in holding court bitter chin nicotine sow growls scald false sailboats a bottle you drop by message canadaway creek picked pirate up by boys to talk under cover of culture marooned after one noon hooligans refer to code for doors out of impoverish i love you too like some dim summation of myself the inbox soaked with cannabis which greatly my relation to body expedite empathize with it is what i ask anon yeah they have alcoholic pills for you

hot colicky babes are typing out your name right now on a placard meant for an open gorge calcium blushes when i stroke your chest freckled and spotted and with each running through me run to dunkirk damn mange legendary etched fleas rustic surrealists practice loused-up dreams just so when the running comes they'll get it right always white cat convexity of shading your gods and your devils stand sex with erased your plane's crashed over south america in place as we synchronize swum muffled groan and the snow suffers no broke nigga hydra willow washing house dwarf as a man breathes into his saxophone and outside's spotless like singapore your devils and gods are sexual a sky swelling heavy with pets a pelt of snowfall of snowbank of chancre the air outside is perforated white you're out wrangling amphetamines for us while the driveway impacts everything here is piled on drifted from one corner to the next i've grown a long thumbnail you've blackened with polish to more strongly hit strings we're all tight across a skin that breathes in beats culled from avenues we all vanish in fearing crashes artfully varnished in whispers in cracks all along the framework of justice elasticity playful edifice snow collects to negative trees snow collects in great gritty swathes snow like a lake lathe like a tithing you teeth on me when we lay leaving red brush marks of painted pain we celebrate our understanding of each other you stole some of your favorite pills and brought me pink dex for holidays icicles accrue off the gutters and after a day of guilt and acceptance you expire before midnight having never slept

peptides coruscate certain murrain i'm as flung as if fluids routine basic psychoactive compounds lilting blood brained and banging you for just seconds before the glory of your body melts me the glory of your body melts me watch a silhouette of condensation spread anonymous imagery over sun room door overdone rooms intone soap ilk pumice lest we forget the scripts piss apple blintz religions hell-bent on frontal goal shrapnel barrels down on punt humming what grass was before they covered everything over with blindness before the glory of your body dribbled down my leg slimly a thaw fogs the ridges the world drips with uneven smoke you're still sleeping our icicles have washed away you're still sleeping and want to cure the willow if we were younger we would burn our animals for it cinder feeds the air ashes grow generation the treeline watches us silently assessing crawling over the hill my boot prints from a previous walk through shocked ice for now corpses grass underneath there's also such calm thinking death is following all of it instead of feeling trapped in whorls of such crude misused body we make love in the small morning lit by blue lily lamp light you're naked for the first time ever with just a crushed red blanket over your belly you kiss me to some pitch that charred speech to touch to talk too touched while i try to complicate transference of files just before noon after sleeping on the office couch arm numbed by its own weight the snow just keeps falling on chautauqua curved in two layer socks four layer shirts to even out coming and going here i am massaging data into something useful on the other end living in front of monitors tithed to network protocol of location of sexual dissension our cat's needier in the hinge of morning asking with blinks just above me what is there to do in this time before i start to remember birth

you could play the lag on systems catching up with themselves almost real time immense as some mornings are i mention them nameless impatient some immense mornings holding notes acoustic crosses scour burnished plots afloat along trolling rotten sauces rotating you can even use your seat as a floatation device i like you killed mint clicking up and down and when we die we'll bury ourselves some impotent morning air pocked with snow visibility suddenly lipid at vapid polar stare aware of warring ardor orbiting control crux allusion suction blunt troubled brawn as i sprawl along the drone the loneliness loudens at the height of slight hands refracted below the surface of her nails on wood and yes pain yes memory leaking yes amazing paper air on a string reasons eerily repeat you as though i too become memorable when the lights are down you can even use your seat as a flotation device as your heart velvety cannabis plush numbness plump underfoot i get plumb with the wall when the wall always soccer those moms coughing had her mouth slung lobed over hearth though too be fair affect lingering on your fingers just before sun's down in the room she punctuates with holiday light room's blown cold and where smoking dramatically ambergris dazzlingly chunked because i like the repetition i like the resuscitation as where i incite icicle rebellion because i shovel so your father can pull up and doesn't because the rescue blew up cold and parceled up on the ridge we'd heard dark turnings some cold lasting gorge against which she tunes her body by touch art form rough and hearing stroll you have to sign some shit she tunes her house by softly murmuring her strains echo through compliments snuggling such a filthy dog this is where we should be living a deadly end to her journey dog knows best as mine too my eyes filling up sound simplifies my head violin vibrato not out of loyalty to your friend but because you were bewitched by her

seething with the sight of her but is it the same guy as dog nests over your legs i'd keep on dreaming just before the monster caught me i'd wake myself up felt levitated by vintage in horsetown a solstice eclipse a solar owl-ling only at the urging of your friend your mom asking someone slim business on the front cry for help it wouldn't be right not to positive i was bewitched by her bewitched by what claws the creek grows in elliptic solstice what long nights of the year and with what we know of the sun and sleep i think you know very well and these combinations will be fun later you know nineteen hundred and forty six was it your intention in your early twenties the muddy 1990s i worked stuffing advertisements into newspapers at night in front of broadway lorain ohio i worked thinking about the press candy corn christmas lights spindling attic evergreen what we spend and roughly we go here it was winter all the time it was my first taste of crank empty battery a whirl and engine turns around slowly the depth of dark snow pink bands of distant cities our breath warming cars and we've been out of touch for two days you are a genius i'm almost afraid to touch you but your shape overcomes me feels like i've poisoned some generous shrub with greed for flying inside your body like a witch there's a certain triumphant smile you have because you make me come you are a genius and i'm almost dead dated by whorls of flesh tusked at the fingers but i've never been so attuned to any other nor so ceaselessly commingled flying inside you how witches fly the buzz of these networked books wears slowly down to bear the brunt of my wet boots shedding ice but these you leave outside where they never dry means at best oxidation

a stone holds to the hand in a fitful rotundity you mention your fetid epiphany at a funeral for death as in thinking one's thoughts could be enough to span animal limits i pull those coins from pockets nervous dry empty batteries pill blisters almost bolstered by ovals on the sun we don't see that much anymore the feral elephants have mostly been rode down worn to half-heard high pitch maybe you just didn't feel good you bought me whiskey for christmas because sometimes we see stray dogs wandering over the ridge in twos the sun room so cold with green lights royal purple space and a single star snowflake these are your hands this is my blood and some electric impulses harpsichord isn't it away off in moon you sell me my old wishes flying at that tip of cold endeavor soulful elevator condensation dreams the hamster working his wheel work density overlaps cognition latitudinal fugue or desert aether truth losers you can tell by the antlers in advance of armed breaking i'm building over them now so the temperature backs down again around the consistent beat we spit you would bake this stone you wouldn't think twice remember to prod like a white cat in black corners conversations i dream with you hazy as i rove over your shoulders grazing on touching you frantic with hunger the lungs sat thoughtlessly on your gurney and cows too wander through here sometimes kicking up vague fevers as they pass as i roam over your belly grazing on what you smell like where these animals queue up to lap the toilet where water oscillates to some viscous humor straight back into the pit helmet skull allotment insensible whirling adored robes obsolescence outside dying ever

i list each motion in the walls i trial dimes for filth lithium drilling ghee the clarification scared us because what if up against the couch what am i hearing whatever comes through we eat again sting me with whiskey on my lips singe me with your wishes everything drips this already exists don't you believe i will worry you slow joints in the sun room the burn room your questionable chinese chapstick kissed christian corroded winter earth wreathed in symbols the thickness dredged from blister packs and from here it looks like i left the barn door open from here it looks like thaw dropped grass islands battery is discharging of some ephemeral springtime now everything's moistened like your lovely aloe lotion just below my screaming come it packs a wallop and still burns i stir with turkey quill in winter the sky becomes perplexed by cloudy escarpments of devilishly variant air these colors also run but also mingle i take my last swallow of whiskey in the same place any man takes it through pores and a saxophone depth cascading aperture fetid with interest accruing soft lighting as the weekend dips below thirty degrees imperial that book your room mate left behind bored the shit out of me tangled vines holiday light freezed green and black and lavender at just where you step off i guess i like the hinge and the potential thresholds color us as the doors crick open their necks trailing like lotus on trapped ponds i'd like to see my former self of ten minutes ago try something'd like to see that motherfucker try now even these villages seem crowded to me

tick-clock took cool mint nymph to bed with a computer on his chest a dog perched a-pillow atop his head hair mixing into threads i wanna be eaten by the land your whole idea about the vagueness does't go into enough detail for me death-like key grip on living vigil twirled with a weather yearning fervid fiscal poking around in my subconscious what i thought when i woke up it means i'd be nothing but a ghost or hole in the time you spill on stalks water dribbling down your chin to your breasts running river like adam still up at portland anything the matter back to the cottage said she wanted to leave while the past peninsula adjusts to a new way of life sooner or later it can wait until tomorrow if you want to for once i'm cooking dinner in the side of the moon not rotten yet how could i dislike him i hardly even know him well there isn't following the widespread acclaim rage generously over by the lamp i hardly even gnaw him isn't there a well lewd and dull ranging through your brain right now like the cold makes lighters misfire run out of everything even town o love when sometimes i stress enough repeat it enough to foam crashing lake creek cash-cold heart the tell-tale inflation maybe these blissed eyes of snow in slim chains all up and down the ridge o love infatuated with feral references to the abstract fitful satiation with unbroken textual column wills nerd on rendition of our fats to salads and transport down by the docks a crowd awes the single elegant tight-rope down by the docks a crowd waves across the single elegant tide tied tightly to thin mints i could see from my euclidean mast a mist of angels a chord sounded hollow lawful drawn-on with the last and amorous pit of pencil now panting over you as you lay sickish rapt with red velour as you space heater our sun room until there is no winter here my wet boots full of plastic shopping bags tickle minutes until limp wills lump summer among the code wool lolling pop star fetish feathers as like a gold whiskey stings deep in song thoughts

as like monkey god as light monthly friends us i spin in the sun room clockwise and crawl awesome gall bladder bad hats rang thorough locust scroll i spin counter to and the earth trembles peckish i'll cycle through you womb ache woman as eyes colored white with collocation flutter down on us watch with kratom momentum our bundled into home more or less essential with body hollowed out holy old loneliness a loud owl or lordly orifice amble throughout towns grown too murderous arizona tick clots counter to and the hungry earth below glow blanket of quiet i'm missing you as you went to see mom towels gossip misanthropic with photographic glee god how wonderful love's burden on your face viewed from slightly above angular angry sex the void hones noises to crusts and angels giants agitate you thoroughly though wet with illnesses until only milk can curate your savage breasts i went missing too you wonderful suspect cigarettes and stimulants punctuate winter wood light i get gorgeously fuzzy-headed thinking whiskey thoughts of you and even though albert ayler is a ghost i'm all right in the head somehow wandering rooms stuffing crumbs of divination into a stone bowl until the brain lightens timeless spatial blossom until there's no such thing as an author just under my skin i hear these ears really leaped out over hip-deep snow carrying the cat's litter might be in danger the next seal of approval on works but first we have an eternity to find out about it as you sleep nausea off a new sea of fictions of human intersections competing of a very small number of writers being more substantial in one lanugage than another sex with you yesterday grasping me deep within you i gasp hot pushed from a blessing pressure from my spine by then he's cooked by a lack of conjunction independently afloat i'll show you some of my own work

but even now sickness switching gears stripped blunt screw threads chattering barbed fences where razors blur bits of us azure i'm worried your fever ever feelingly greased smoking resin and stirring my pipe bowl with a swiss army knife cartoon collage opting fees saved seconds ago count on assumptions built into us by nature there can be no such theory thing dreams dog nested next to you left me alone in the snow with no great event other than the light and no extinction god starts coloring gold dusk salmon in the trees i'll try not to worry about it about spitting linguistics out all over your inside man i can still see my path there my jaw also breathing also end of my hair cigarette jutting there are these flawed ways walled off in flavors when my hands rove your shape loving you land i breed islands in pure air brought down along the back of your neck where does the sun go or anything i eat meat and squashed grains and thoughts therein to a jaunty theremin jaundiced pale lemon oddly a city salvia average salary vengeance but no more informative than the rescue we skewer and rue after an hour the DMT starts to wear your clothes addled and plucked in a white closet and to this quiet without you who has visiting your sister and to this small roach i've treasured away beneath mv kevboard the cat curled like he's implicating code blocks it's all stepwise and calling other things back from the grave of an include path look my throat is dry without you here

the faucet leaks has to get up early to be replaced

and you've been reading too many articles about fading love too lucid hallucinatory affection burst but to rub you with my mind god yes you who fear the death of something elemental and i've been thinking and thinking about dying for a very long time so long i start to doubt to this newly formed trust that in passing through states something lingers anyway i'm pretty sure what i feel for you is not a combination of sugars nor in cleaning my glasses segue talisman you who worry too much on fetishes worry too much on gingers and other succulents being part of the grasses is being the grasses and the waves never really disappear but something below the shore feels them and passes on sweetness dreamed of dog padding through brown room a soothing thoroughness pervades the vault something below my belly feels you off on top of the distance winter in chautauqua ah blue blue blue what it says to us sun's started sitting later and later for nonsense portraits the whole world wordy with blue veins pendulous and intemperate i can be impenetrable here somewhat loose smoking dagga in the sun room until i know no further answers for time but to get to it trudge on tramp through it let me kill nothing but in every gesture there's a death at least of that space i left before hollow lop-singed she's somewhat set this font huge my every breath killing air killing lungs dead emptiness always smells somewhat sour like milk fonts so juicy so poke robust exploding i could write this on my blood for you that your eyes are always impossible but memory writes my blood on the dark backs of hungry does at dusk set to wander through our back yard looking for anything luscious over snow i wish i could drain your headache from you now laying across from me papoose in my grandmother quilt as one generation overlays the next and i don't know if your silence is sullen or magic after those silhouette harbingers of plastered season growth have sighed back into the forest you close your eyes and soon your breath rides the back of your mind it's the way he does it degrading and obsessed

and to understand my awful moments when my own chemicals mewl from a blind floor because all its food is empty about that time the blessings tingle crisp ice ivy fluted ruffled indulging grounds for caffeine enormity more or less faded nor solipsistic and well-rounded i wake to see dawn to bake in the office to watch the blood rake against calm wood panels mike kapalin texts me about skype and i've gotten affairs in order before work while we wait for a temperature of positive integers the clouds stretched over forest ringed mauve ringed cream these are the mornings my blessings tingle and am given to convince you how pure you really are purely the last woman i'll ever want i wake and rupture my too-soon improvident brain cream mike crisp when to my own chemicals a blind panel of judges arose without noise like corpses drowned and forgotten did i also put the allen wrench back into the tool drawer and want to know what's in each and every junk drawer in america ours has some tools and papers a fedora live desktop cd mexican sugar skulls i wake to see after dawn about lists for walt whitman who is never too busy to not bother with me write to me and tell me about your junk drawer who is never too busy to bother me because fear is these minutiae will drift downward from some gold-flecked money-pit skyways to shower our heads with some comfortable temporary alleviated viaduct i promise not to upbraid you over batteries or their lack nor will i calcify unencumbered as a blush shuddering under your pleasure your pressure joseph mcelroy refers to himself as prime aged beef

nor will i calcify unencumbered as a blush shuddering under your pleasure your pressure joseph mcelroy refers to himself as prime aged beef your pressure the temperature by degrees over sodden blistered cities in smithereens the blues attack backwards and in ever-more sordid combinations their blurt is a ruby for the animals in their burrows and i winnow light from the willow and weave i window so near the panel wall as if on the look-out across ponds of absolute shiver i dive into silences like my life filtered religion thus binary tree roots cracking cable gentry and soft

odd fonts why are there so many batteries i complain andean heat could sheath pan flute fuel that breathy droplet note moves through the doppler thoughtlessly is what i want i am constantly inspired by you but feel perhaps a bit of a bully these blind cold days the temperature is white and in the sun-room we use a space heater i arise intact from a premonition a remembrance and limp out here to wake and bake so sure of your love cannabis lifting my headache and snotty wish i knew how much material flames inhaled amid these videos of cute baby animals a crude reference to that lexicon brushes over a jet of my eyes surrealism of the primitives i'm only imitating bad verse in homage to our culture i tell you in all irony smelling of elements glazed with salads with snow more formally each line is an inuit word for it with which we welcome intuition and our tutelage in heavenly tropes lit by a sky aging with no token for time but can it cure halvard johnson can i steal screens from the bathroom sink for my hash pipe what's clear is change rearranges the brain-pan drop a ton of mary jane on someone's head don't even have to smoke it that way where you've been up all night and lovely and collapse eventually we all do passionless skins retreating sated upon one another twist and turns licking labyrinth i syntax winds that round certain corners i grip pines with my eyes while rest of winter sulfates to winter in chautauqua to pin a world shrunk sectional somebody mostly solid possibly godlike slipping over ridges or vapor in rapture i wish i could convey to you apocalypse lollipop

and in moving in arcing arcane with burst flavor as what's sweetness my lips plumb with dumb broadens don't miss the recap or spillage as lavished with extra waking vanishing below where traced a paper trail delayed by snow leaves brush sinking in trepidations dwindle cautious with resources you're at a loss to be present and sentient when she comes to bring you your check standing in minted puddle where the snow bent our artificial lights analyzing the pock of boots their paths in the booth thorough and sanding down flung rubble among the rustic yards roaring weeds in bastard flare now cut under by blizzards whirled in a parking lot by hills of automobiles chrome fields chrome fields the mess of reclamation papering prisms runts that erode wimpled and asphyxiated epidermally i'm pent and heading to the devil a bag of electric electoral surgery the jaw what crumbling haw haw haw murky with geegaws and elements of pee-paw reach for taut gossip to sour goggles to burnished filaments what make up drying days talk to mom for an hour over computer a slew of thoughts gust and mistrustful of attentions when spent on making corn pop what some call early afternoon there's such winter storm this way comes we shop quickly yesterday to maybe hole up and enjoy put into wine racks lining quaint cellars don't burl below saw-tooth paved with meaning can labor aimlessly for an hour on specifications as so what comes to us doing your bidding has smoked for some lift and somehow above man's animal but in love veil took off his glasses because of fog becoming more and less disorganized as gliding does you've got such a tight viewpoint on males because you've studied them all but not me just yet is in some way forgetting how to write a poem good i could sit still too watching trains enter and depart as long as soft rock is gold drawn ultimately lethal you reduce us males to swaggering shadows it ain't even cool for me to sound cocky anymore he says sometimes we've come up on the other side of the ridge now

i wish i could get you onto understanding paradox and how i can be sex and afraid of touch sometimes and how if you look long enough at it and it shows its belly to you over in a snort the magnification can drive you batshit like remembering society's outside circle lured into circumnavigation i solemnize long costs of sojourns in diuretic the temperature pre-empts sexually that drop on your cleavage thrives me batshit all the time now i know we stay in our garden you're restless because winter's locked our doors and cicadas season deep beneath us someday i'll understand good poems i'll fade like the pan you say from eyes of god sweeping across me walking your ice cream back to the buick roadmaster i smoke two of a smoking blend coal aloof along in pipe bowl hots sodden with oriole riot gear insert here the name of that bird and his identical friend what ate your seed bell up its rope what age gradient actually likes it costumes as like the consummate canadian ross priddle scanned into your database i like what our tools tell us that if this heat troubled by space then you're sleeping i can hear your waves rustling through the bedroom don't wanna mark up your literary jambs but these preserves crusted over there in a bleep keep me hangin' on the precipice slips through me where are the dead eating trances on truant flickers what have you done harmony korine the drones fly over afghan winds you're stapling unique chapbooks in your office while i read franz boas without glasses the mind of primitive man on a ghost of food a ghost of sophistry a ghost of syntactic erosion sensing a love god in decay roadkill hearts roadkill hearts the lord thy god they ether reading boats

either an edge or marquee my son my son what dark at the inside throat coated with tin vehicle elided in paradise don't come in here sexually you request rough consequences in scuttle seasons force your forge with molten door forks roar penny-whistle shtick sucked up in cousin ugliness gleam-drilled i have some swapping out gifs drunk on what poison ice embeds he got up to make himself a gin and tonic but instead sat back down with whiskey content to lick your wind a table just under a love-sized book is contemptibly metered by embers and also a meaning-song i got fucked up earlier by two of smoking blended eggs him on the yolk and the lore or you overdose on bali kratom until nausea opens your body leaving it dirty fondly moaning while you sleep i sprinkle green powder on my stone pipe after midnight just clean clothes strewn strong rupture our departure scissoring you snap straw necks of piglets detached in dreams drenched in restlessness i smell your flesh sweet frontal blown drowned ignored rocks scald our thoughts fucked up easter eating as soon as we could bear to again your usury usually ices flavor sessions i love to vapor origami packets hashed empty sad for lack of advertisements perhaps earlier than you would wake all stung after pineal liaisons grow elastic like bears who never stop prowling the ridge looking for berries for ghosts for what's soaked here in memories you and i try to touch you run your fingers along the contours of a cut-out fish from thin wood and think about what it's like to grow up here where now spring first whispers husky ridged gentle rusting tracing which way flame tends i've never more wanted everything thawed there's some copious undertaking to it

of coupling below the coffin nails hot and bleeding from every sight through no asphalt no sanitation just where twenty percent folds into the patient clock mocking minutes o potency of entrenched christians o ptomaine o pantomime fecundity you asked for no trains birthing husks of songs and i got something daylight space heater at the end of the cycle crying became illegal and saving money on titanic drifting breaking drifting breaking when the stitches came out we could let letters into the body make bootie calls on childhood's toy phone without a card last night to see the trees' shadows on dribbling snow was strange it's waving like it's missed the ocean down along the mellow gentleman's inseam is where trees print over sky some unmitigated blue grinning as mescaline enables blanket color bland citric bishop-driven and candied the cities drip with cradle wax-wing of past full moons i would moan with you here with your mouth electrocuting eloquent devils elk celebrate receding ice via acid light while the wind strangely knocks disrobing was standard how come you never answer my questions about the missing oceans the genuine recluse eulogies we mouth into verklempt sneezes as rusted as these hushed hints of spring sir you crack like smiling drifting finished on sunset bay if only i could not cooperate with you and for a few days make like the words had different meanings the particulars of my code would not parse and across the whole plateau humanity i could jut like a solid run of encryption just jut like a solid jut jut like a solid everything you've ever lost at your fingers is here in this setting sun room after you leave and i swallow bitter san pedro tea to go out walking in the woods alone as the clouds settle over what's left of the thaw with snow washed away and sudden new freezing the grass in patches worn to steel

like teeth wear on flesh as you bite through my arm to bite through yourself ventured just beyond the solid vines slung in meaningless arcs over trees red sprouting swing thick hair strung out after you leave i go through the forest looking for whatever endures in me and knowing it's exactly what dies in ice somewhere close five-fingered paws sprawl across where softness folds even at this altitude when i try to deny you the trees flung above me swaying moaning and so much has come down the trail to the pond disappears when there's no undergrowth but of course the snow returns burning our brown our green escarpment since he threatens my sense of well-being he ended up in my dream and all the long cold winter i'm barefoot swishing around the house in my fleece robe all the long cold winter i crack open benzedrex inhalers and scissor the lavender cotton so we're cleaning house on holiday monday moaning next to you in our bed while you rub my body to a burnished explosive o the coherency of these simultaneous campfire ridges less than near us in the forest shrouded safe from humans propylhexedrine gentry on language just beyond my fingertips gray frail brittle as ashy paper dropping words in wet round piles on dead leaves deer fumets everywhere on our mild mescaline walk thus i tune my nervous system to comprehend the cries of trees shadowed by piled ice i tune my nervous system to porous viscosity and the slanted sun shrieks of winter flood through i true my nerves isthmus to ply the tribe and lay below the water lillies like ophelia when monet gnashed his teeth in amphetamine fits when john cage quieted the concert hall in shapes of what sounds drift turning bass over hills they said you live longer in cities on paper the winter trails through february's acrid blur you're sorting and putting away our wash and i'm washing and drying out dishes last night i dreamed that mary and the kids wouldn't understand my happiness just pushed me over with their hate the whole time spinning themselves deeper into graves i know i'm writing too fast for any sort of quality

but my life's going by blue and flaming and this is just a possible sketch of it hello world my name is lewis i lived past the twentieth century and on into the next and these days everyone's excited for the end but mescaline and dmt taught me the structure of what's eternal and it isn't these thoughts either or this form typing into an obsolete computer to write to databases impossible to pinpoint i found my love in new york state and she's more a home to me than anywhere's ever been don't get sentimental lewis and break your hard verse down to dribble you want to embrace the world today bear-hug the chautauqua ridge as it steps down into lake erie stepping off from the lip of that darkness into what mouth what sleep you wind over yourself dear papoose dear hill of wonders of wounds stolen i have only words to offer you and not intellect we hurt each other too you ask if i'm an abuser and i say no i definitely know i'm not an abuser i choked a girl once in ohio once only because she had me cornered she was hitting me with words with fists with her frustrated life and the minute my hands closed her throat i relaxed and let her choke me now i push fire to lion tail flowers swallow kratom to lion tail flowers orange germinating murals the frieze of eliipses and seasonal havoc sleep my papoose love away from tangles as i sleep standing up or sitting down to type you have your letters to write to other men in sunshine rooms for sure but here i wait winter storm watch fog gossip the ridge grinned at us soggy in a way where the veil tore stones thrown through enough of us to stagger on up the hill whistling the wind through us through stones they taste nutty with a blue afterlife and so i float out to the sunroom where you've composed a banjo the edges of my head have dissolved and words struggle out from out form outward from water owls at 3am we're inoculating the substrate we're innocent again from out of form the stones nutty with tasted afterwards blue with ascension from session problems to mail server misconfigurations simply put lines in front of lines on out lines in lines i can't lie about psychedelic experiences though i can't stand so eager to thaw lawlessly engaged in bright castle trails the thrall of just edging into march julia your banjo grotto cracked vocals pitched high along escarpment toggled i tasted something blue in my teeth just then through stones which we stagger up the hill whistling songs yet to be composed on banjo with fruited tars the jars the jaws the sexual organ of mycelium rustic the psilocybin assumes you rule like heavy metal exportation i exported it to the public file have you got the whole thing as an aup engaged with trees spring ringed with songs nudged by file lifting by fires ripping eyes up daisy changing your shirt or your pants have a certain hit song stuck in them protruding roughly toothy soothsayer trails trolls on trails on tails of trolls the atoll the highway thruway the thruway usually rude trees wet with ash arms durable like wild fire like so much sexual spoor-age you say this white and this black or this dark or this light slight sleight sleuth slushing mustard-colored rolls an hour later he's got a beat going through him with whispers the wish we should have verbiage the verve the curl in the essence is somewhat candy now i dissolve now i no longer pose solutions forming unforming forming unforming there's no such word i have this amazing yard every cell of which chisels silt grinning the sadness mergers remember the brain we had folks with magic toes with trolls trails folds i wanted to convey to you the middled of chords the colored land where tones scored our bodies and heard in there them cold finger shutters old gods with chaos flesh and the fields they walk over our bones and the middle of those sounds this is old old old old magic i heard whispered in a dream i was a stone and as such i had no anxiety and nothing to fear i was eternal like all stones swollen like an energy gentle and recursive i could curl like rolls of magic truffle bitter tongue while outside your whole world winded and wilts your engines churning a leaf-rotted ground as you stand before the holy forest

talking to your imaginary documentation as we drift over a simulated dusk even so i dream about feldspar half-awake elfin blur on gelding setbacks patrol all lords all swollen color rolls antiquate adequate estimations the time trilling behind your eyes the time filtered and let loose in blood i heard this whispered in a dream i dream of stones and somewhere between this word and the next propane delivery woke me you said with ball-clenching terror you said i get up to go meet the door bang behind which was i saw time splitting us into mined pleas a small amount of peas with some vinegar feel that dog creeping up on big bright flame flakes and a streak of whitsuntide cat do i look like i have a fucking clue broheim i would love to vernacular unclearly the vermiculite culled from love's panzer wistful like failure's basic bone structure it seems even darker just over my shoulder where you dip your finger into my chest and pull out all that sticky information the dog sniffs it realistically and even i growl nostalgic remembering the nape of your neck peppered with amber and listless old mothering thumbs which perched on my thirstily rusting my form poisoned by fishing lured out from metallic trunks bordering on fog why bother the dog if the ground still reels out from under you on the porch and approaching apogee the survivors dislodge god could even a geode cuspid aye cursed the certainty of correct spellining to put me in my place in the forest where rain whitens jets of spangled teeth i gnaw on astonishment until it's just awful and each grinding flaw i imbue with grunts confides somewhat in me and conflicting incidents incinerate as per usual i have some copious insight to offer on this topic right here i grope you in your sleep while i should sleep but can't because of mind always and everywhere error-checking and throwing exceptions back into the face of my master this monster trucking onward fucks me blind as if a sliver of sobriety cleans my stink of body my stench of carelessness the stencils the ball-point where yesterday our yard browned and dipped today rain is crispy the snow can just barely cover our faces where you sleep and where the limb i've always used to climb out of myself

misses those phantoms selling fireworks on baby's grand i drop a hit straggle in honest dollar-store temporary relief emptiness is also a prelude to lucid flavors where yesterday i starred in your psilocybin films today's gray neighborhoods tuck monsters beneath the walk i have for you some insight into coping with it when everyone on the planet waits for a disaster of full moon 3267 successful transsers later a monster snuck out of my raybans to gobble errant socks so you'll think it's probably your electric dryer but why not electric rain electrician stalemate i don't give a damn about quality anymore than you do selling lesions from your demon dreams of feldspar elk prowl lots abandoned by cars sustaining aggravated mendacity in tactile night you oh you untangle 16mm home films from someone else's family vacations while i wait for the domain names to propagate throughout this invisible network it has the consistency of mushroom flesh and remains maintained by suspicious deer along the ridge here last night's snow vanishes leaving both you and i living on flattened grass my head opens to both of us shadows dashingly complex draped over able lawn its surreal to walk outside without a jacket and the whole world's rusted running but the cat's been pissing in the mud room i think and you're listening to swamp pop i wonder what it is that i'm here and entering text for when i'm a dead one and the living ones visit lilies drafting bridges over my grave our psilocybin wasn't in the mailbox today and yeah of course i miss that god-thrum of blue earth ululation to compensate i swallow eight kratom capsules with a sparse gulp of whole milk in our bedroom closet i'm growing cannabis seedlings and the grow light spills cool hopeful deluge alluvial and gigantic now with an extra hour of daylight the country music plays soft the bands of blue snow over against the barn i cannot be displayed i have errors in my train of thought lately elephants prowl the moon-rinsed ridge alert for meat our poor dog alerts us to doors clogged with salts awash in sour whims

to hide the growing closet with mercury greens foraging out all night on the moon-cruel limbs a cake you whitened to peaks your belly exposed fully warm now that the grass is vicious one could mistake that dour visage for disapproval while i lay convalescing from quakes from vision the sieve through which my thinking slips kissed you before ambling to this bedroom cannot be displayed now i have eros just under my skin swiftly evolved clouds love where love was loving in vowel and dresses a caress careless heirloom protrudes aloof from conversation in upper registers gestured mostly mostly i hope you don't think i'm too cool for love as in the distance i hear distaff velvets remember me to your groans while over the bowl i punch myself trying to vomit the idea of my body out of my body i told you it was all tautology remember a false spring you swung over cold mud and told me how you thought the sex of sun and moon and we kids down here aloud in our jam of trails engendered by cycles of light and cells i expand and dilate and am obligated to mist i allow these spook troopers to gallop through my body which will lay next to you even when i'm gone i remember this as living gods speaking color ethics when i shut my eye wrenched slow drain through think it over that's why i'm leaving it up to you 2010.11.27--2011.03.20